The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 6.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Original Communications.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AND LIFE IN THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

For a long period we have heard so much from time to time of the great wall of China, that it was not unreasonably expected, now that the system which hermetically sealed the Chinese empire against European curiosity is relaxed, we should have learned something more, with the fullest details respecting all that is most interesting in that portion of the globe. We have, however, read less of the great wall since it was supposed it could be easily approached than heretofore. Mr Dunn could bring many things under our observation in his museum, but that was rather too heavy a concern even for him.

From a 'General Description of the Chinese,' an amply-illustrated pamphlet, we give a view of a portion of that far-famed structure. This stupendous mass is built on the north, and had for its object to separate China from Tartary. So it has been supposed, but looking at the general character of the Chinese and the policy of their rulers for many centuries, it is more likely to have been called into existence from pride than fear. Their early progress in the arts gave them advantages over all surrounding nations, and finding others inferior to them in knowledge, they complacently supposed themselves a celestial race. In this state of mind, looking down on the rest of the world with disdain, concluding that they could not gain from others, they resolved that others should not profit from them. They believed there was nothing of importance worth possessing, or worth knowing, which was not comprehended within their vast limits, and proudly decided to shut out the rest of mankind from wealth and wisdom. Hence, probably, in this spirit of exclusiveness, originated that enormous erection of which we speak. That it was raised merely to protect China from the incursions of the Tartars, feeble as the Chinese are in war opposed to European enemies, is incredible. For such a purpose so vast a work could not have been deemed necessary, or if it were, they would never have been allowed to complete it by the dreaded enemy. It is said to extend fifteen hundred miles, nearly four times the length of the road from London to Edinburgh, to be carried over mountains, vallies, and rivers, and to be from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and about twelve feet thick!

Of the arrogance of the Chinese ample proofs have been given. What could surpass the insolence which demanded that every representation made on the part of a foreign government should take the shape of a petition? It could only spring from that bloated pride which grew on the study of their preposterous maps, in which China was represented as a vast territory, and all the rest of the world little more than a mere speck. Attempts have been made to explain away the offensive character of the expression, ridiculously applied by them to the English and other foreigners. It has been denied that the term E, which has been rendered barbarian, or devil, has exactly that meaning; but the point is completely settled by Mr Hamilton Lindsay, who says, in a letter written to Lord Palmerston in 1836—

"I could quote numerous passages from Confucius in which the term *E*, which we translate 'barbarian,' is found to denote those out of the pale of the Chinese empire, and almost always in a derogatory and contemptuous sense. I cannot resist quoting one sentence, written by a classical Chinese author, and one of the most distinguished commentators on Confucius. I select this, as in all the arguments I have had with Chinese government officers on the subject, when in the 'Amherst,' on the north-east coast of China, it has always silenced them, and they have, invariably, confessed that its force was unanswerable, which they proved by afterwards substituting the word 'foreigner' in lieu of the offensive term 'barbarian,' in their correspondence, the originals of which are in my possession. Sootungpo, the author above alluded to, in defining the identical word *E*, says:

"'The *E* and the Teih cannot be governed by the same rules of government as those of the central nation (the Chinese). They are like the brute creation: if liberal rules of government were applied to them it would infallibly give rise to rebellious confusion. The ancient kings knew this well, and therefore ruled them without law. This method of government is decidedly the most judicious mode of governing them.'"

Than this nothing can be more decisive: nothing can more strongly evince the ineffable contempt with which they have been accustomed to regard all visitors from Europe. From Mr Wathen it appears that it was carried so far as to reach utter indifference, in a case of life and death, whether a human being perished or was saved. He was in a Chinese wherry; it sunk, and he and his companions were immersed in the water. "Every one," he adds, "shifted for himself. No assistance was to be expected from the Chinese, who would not interfere to assist any European within their reach." Mr Wathen saved himself by swimming to a Portuguese boat, and feeling uneasy about his wet clothes, he tells us, "a Chinese sailor, who certainly would not have taken the trouble to hand a bamboo oar to save me from drowning, very readily offered his jacket, made of a kind of flannel, to preserve me from a cold." To him it appeared of no moment whether the bar-

barian lived or died, but since life was saved, the Chinese was not unwilling to save the despised European from unnecessary suffering.

It would be absurd to suppose that in China, or anywhere else, all the individuals comprehended in the empire are in character precisely the same. No experience would point to such a conclusion. There are many kind and intelligent men in China. In the course of the recent negotiations, one of the celestials engaged is mentioned as being equal in every respect to the finished English gentleman. The writer just quoted speaks of a retired mandarin, named Pou-qua-qua, as a man with "a fine open countenance, displaying great traits of benevolence and sensibility," and with these much elegance. His house presented an elegant suite of rooms most richly furnished. There were seen tables of the most costly wood, some of them inlaid with marble, cabinets and ornaments, couches and sofas, placed and disposed with the most finished taste upon superb carpets. The apartments were shaded by an immense banian tree, the growth of ages, for which the ex-mandarin had a great veneration, as it had been planted by his ancestors. There were seats beneath it, where visitors were accustomed to sit while waiting for dinner. That given on the occasion to which we now refer, had its Chinese peculiarities, but in many respects it resembled an English banquet. Bird's-nest soup, and shark's fins might be among the delicacies, and the mandarin and his friends were amused at the awkwardness manifested by the Englishman in trying to pick out of the small tureen set before him in lieu of a plate, some morsels of meat with the chopsticks used by the celestials; but at last, he tells us, he put aside the chopsticks, "took to the knife and fork, and made an excellent dinner on fine roast beef, and ham and fowls."

One very curious custom among them has not been noticed. Every Chinese of family keeps in his house a table, on which are written the names of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, before which incense is burnt, and the members of the family occasionally prostrate themselves. When the father of the family dies his name is inserted on the table, and that of the great-grandfather is taken away.

We have been furnished with notes of other peculiarities connected with this strange people, which must be reserved for a future number. That parents should doom their children to protracted misery for the purpose of causing deformity, adds to the many instances in which "truth is stranger than fiction." The reader who has read of the sufferings Chinese females endure by having their feet constrained by iron shoes, will perhaps be startled by the result—with the representation of which this notice must conclude.

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

(Continued from last week.)

THE NEPHEW TO THE UNCLE.

My pilgrimage is not yet at an end. As you observe, you will receive this hasty letter from Strasburg. An unpleasant scene nearly occurred here. One evening, although it was already dark, I took a fancy to ascend the tower of the cathedral. On the winding staircase, which is not over broad, I met some one descending in the dark. I coughed, in order to attract his attention, and to hinder our running against each other. He took no heed of the indication of my presence, although I called to him; and in the next moment there was a violent concussion. "Ill-mannered fellow," exclaimed a youthful voice.—"Whoever you may be, sir," said I, "you must ascribe it to yourself that you run against me, since you neither stood still nor got out of the way, although I endeavoured to attract your attention." One word gave rise to another: he spoke of unmannerly young people; I answered in the same manner; and it was perfectly ridiculous that two men, who neither knew, nor could distinguish each other, should hold such conversation in the dark. At length I gave him my name, and it appeared that we both lodged at the same hotel.

Sorrowfully I ascended the tower, and reached the platform. I awaited the moon, and in the grandeur of solitude at length forgot my absurd quarrel. The moon had illumined the landscape, and I was still there. I was happy, my dear friend, for in the far-extending slumber of nature my whole being was reminded of Emily.

It was late when I descended. I was in no mood for company, and was little pleased, on entering the coffee-room of the hotel, to find a number of persons still in conversation. They were disputing and

talking loudly over the usual topics of the day. One screeching, shrill voice fell most unpleasantly on my ear. The young, inexperienced man knew everything; but my vexation was increased to anger as the fellow began to reason and chatter about Goethe, and could not sufficiently testify his delight at the discoveries which he had made in the works of the great master, and talked of faults, weak points, and contradictions; in fact, there was no end to his absurdity. Some stared at him, others only opposed him feebly; but my anger rose, and constantly increased, and at length, unable to restrain myself, I put an end to the senseless talk by the strongest and most striking proofs.

Seeing that my interference pleased the greater part of the company, I felt my confidence increase; in a word, I was quite young. For the moment he was silenced, and stared at me with astonishment; but as I added that he was the same who had annoyed me in the tower, he demanded an account of our rude meeting, and an apology.

It was of no use that two elderly men endeavoured to mend the breach, for we were both too excited; he doubly so, as I had humbled him before a company where he had been the spokesman. We appointed to meet the next morning, and the two elderly men offered themselves as seconds. I was rejoiced to find that chance had given me an opportunity of teaching a troublesome chatterbox a lesson.

I slept quietly, and on rising to proceed to the appointed spot, a note was brought, which informed me that my antagonist had been compelled, through unavoidable business, to set out during the night; but that if I travelled into Switzerland, as he had understood I intended doing, I should without fail find him in Basle, or Bern, Neufchatel, Lausanne, or Geneva, where the requisite satisfaction could be given.

The seconds, to whom I showed this note, laughed. There was nothing further to hinder my departure from Strasburg.

* * * *

I have now been several weeks in Switzerland, and think on Emily; and on you, dear uncle, more than ever. Yes, the cares and pangs of love, the hopes which are given rise to, and the beautiful day-dreams which follow the youth, may all be termed enjoyment.

There are moments in life which seem to contain years. Thus was the evening, as, between Aubonne and Lasara, I saw the Alps opposite, the whole chain from Mont Blanc to the Berner Upperland, and beneath me the Lake of Geneva. I think Tavernier must be right when he says that, with the exception of Constantinople and Naples, this is the most charming spot that he met with on his travels.

I have visited Lucerne, sailed on the Lake, and trod the free States; I have also been enchanted with the Lake of Neufchatel. From Lausanne I have journeyed through Rolle, Nyon, Copet, and again reached Geneva. How have I thought of you, of your adventures, and sufferings!

In Geneva I have, unexpectedly, again met with my duellist. He renewed the quarrel, and, as I was not in a humour to give way, we have again appointed to meet, and to-morrow the affair is to be decided.

The wrangler, who does not appear to be over-courageous, is named Firmin, and is of Italian descent. He was born and bred in the neighbourhood, where he also has an estate. He was partly educated in one of the numerous institutions of Germany, and therefore considers himself entitled to speak unreservedly of the Germans and their authors. I am of opinion that the affair will not terminate dangerously for either of us; for, as I have not forgotten my fencing, I only intend giving him a slight lesson; but in future I shall act more prudently and cautiously, and not quarrel about things so little suited thereto. Is not the poor fellow already sufficiently punished by being unable to comprehend the grandeur and beauty of our Goethe?

I wish, dear uncle, you had more accurately indicated the house in which you formerly spent so many hours. I now examine every large and small house, but cannot confidently fix on the scene of your youth.

My second has just come for me. In an hour I will inform you of the result of our combat, and then I shall immediately depart for the Lake of Constance, there to search every hut for my beloved Emily. When the object of my wanderings is accomplished—when I have found her, I shall return to you,—if not wiser, certainly happier: and yet I should be ungrateful if I were to say that I was not happy now.

The man is impatient; I break off, but will not conclude until I can inform you of the result of the battle, and how many have remained in each army.

* * * *

Yes, my life is indeed strange, very strange—insignificant as it may be. Like doubtful and yet beautiful landscapes by moonlight, strange and wonderful, and yet, if one pleases, so ordinary. But I must collect myself, my dear friend, in order to relate everything to you simply and in the proper order. If I do not quite succeed in so doing, the contents must excuse me.

When my second, an intelligent, elderly man, conducted me to the appointed spot, my rival was already there, waiting for his

support. The place was very retired, a charming bush and a small meadow on the side of a hill which overlooked a great part of the lake. In the centre of this pleasant spot was a fine beech tree, round which a bank had been placed which seemed to invite the wanderer to be seated. On one side was a small bubbling fountain, prettily surrounded by pebble-stones.

I was compelled to think of your adventure, and believed that it was the very spot which decided your life; more especially as I saw a large well-built house at no great distance. I immediately thought that this must have been the habitation of Rosa's family.

But what were my feelings as I beheld on that delightful bank, under the beech tree, a red book with gilt edges, which looked like an old friend. It was Goethe's poems, which Emily had taken with her from Tharaud, my copy, your present. I hastened towards it, but my antagonist, whom I had quite overlooked and had even neglected to salute, stood nearer the tree and had already possessed himself of the volume.

"Give me my book!" I exclaimed passionately.

"Your book?" said he; "if it belong to you, how comes it here? It belongs to no one, or quite as much to me as to you, since I found it."

"My name is written in it," said I angrily, "and it is of the utmost importance that I should have this book which I had lost."

He, ill-mannered as he was, would not hear of it, and a fresh dispute arose, exclusive of our former quarrel. The book did not appear indifferent to him, and you can easily imagine how important it was to me, as it probably betokened Emily's proximity.

My intention of taking the matter coolly with him had completely vanished. Consequently, on his second making his appearance, our combat was very animated. He was more skilful and courageous, and evinced more presence of mind than I had anticipated; I was slightly wounded in the hand, he seriously in the shoulder, so that he was forced to let his sword fall immediately. He was led away, and I, after having thanked my friend, remained on the field of battle.

The pain of his wound had made the ill-mannered fellow forget the book, therefore I had now obtained possession of it. I seated myself beneath the cool shade of the beech, took up my treasure and kissed it as though it had been Emily herself. She had lightly marked several passages with a pencil, and they were always those that I best loved, and which I knew by heart. How eagerly I sought for them, perused, and so completely lost myself in these poems that, what with them and thinking of Emily, I had, without knowing or observing it, in three or four hours read through the whole book.

I was fatigued, confused, as in a dream. To whom should I address myself? Who was to inform me of Emily's whereabout? I could not help imagining she must be close by, that she had but lately been on that spot, that she had read in her favourite book, had forgotten, and would return to seek it.

Evening approached. I arose in order to strengthen and refresh myself by walking. I took care not to lose sight of the fountain and the beech tree.

No one came. The solitude became more lonely, the stillness more hushed, so that the slight rolling of the lake could be distinctly heard. I was already quite familiar with this little retreat, and knew every tree and bush. The sun bade the earth farewell, and the mountains glowed, then became grey, like old men who had nearly reached life's goal, and at length even their outline was lost in the darkness of evening.

I could not possibly return to the town, although the trifling wound, which had only been slightly bandaged, began to smart. I let the gushing fountain flow over my hand, and pictured to myself, being almost convinced of the identity of the scene, the feelings of your youth as you then painfully awaited the coming of your beloved Rosa. "O, Emily!" I sighed, "where do you tarry that my passion, the throbbing of this heart, does not irresistibly attract you hither?"

I had placed the volume of poems next my heart. It was too dark to read any longer, but I inwardly repeated the most beautiful passages. Then arose the moon, and her rays were beautifully reflected in the lake, her light kissed the shore, the trees and houses opposite, the grass around me seemed luminous, and the rustling leaves of the beech sparkled like emeralds. My drooping eyelids gradually transported me to the world of dreams, which, at length, gave her to me.

At first I still heard the bubbling of the fountain, the rustling of the leaves, and sometimes the splashing of an oar on the lake.

Presently I dreamt, not of her but of my childhood's years. I was again a boy, and hearkened to the nightingale in the dark green woods. Then the trunk of an old oak opened, and a noble-looking lady stepped forth as from a tent. Opening her beautiful lips, she asked me if I would take, and carefully preserve, the most precious treasure which the earth had ever produced. At first I had not the courage to say yes, much as my heart yearned towards it. At length, taking her white

hand in mine, I begged her to conduct me to it. We rose into the air, and I no longer felt the earth under me; the topmost trees of the forest were beneath me. Suddenly she loosened her hold; terrified, I fell, and awoke. And before me stood, superhumanly great, the same beautiful female figure, more lovely, and more terrible. The moon-beams shone on her locks, and I could not distinguish her face. I believed it was the commencement of a second dream.

You must know by experience that when we awake suddenly in the dusk of evening, any person who may chance to be there appears gigantic in stature. The disturber of my slumbers was, therefore, mortal.

Dear uncle, where have I found the patience, although it happened the day before yesterday, thus to relate everything so circumstantially? The figure was really Emily, my Emily. She had missed the book, was persuaded that no one would meet her so late in the evening, had come to seek the treasure, and had found the book and myself. She was astonished to find a person sleeping beneath her favourite tree.

A shudder, as though I had seen a phantom, passed over me on first awaking. I rose. She stood before me, and moved hastily on one side. Now the light of the moon fell full upon her countenance, and I recognised her at once. "Emily!" I exclaimed, enraptured. She knew me again, and we fell into each other's arms.

The strange neighbourhood, the sudden meeting, Goethe, and the moonshine, had caused this so naturally and so simply, that we were not surprised at each other; but for this, I might have waited long for the kiss from those sweetest of lips. Yes, the moonlight had given her to me, and brought her thither; the moon had thus rewarded me, her faithful friend, her inspired panegyrist. I, too, have already dedicated several poems to her, but shall not favour you with a sight of them at present.

She and the uncle are living here with an aunt whom they have come to visit. I briefly related to her my wanderings, my search after her, and how I had seen her name in the antiquated album of the two sisters.

Who would have imagined it? The ill-mannered fellow whom I punished to-day is the son of the aunt with whom she is now residing. He is lying ill in the house from his wound; and this was the reason that my Emily did not come sooner to the tree to seek for the lost book. The whole forenoon she had read beneath this tree, her favourite spot. She had been called away, and in her hurry had left the volume. We forget and lose only that which is perfectly indifferent, or very dear to us; for commonplace matters we have always a commonplace attention, and therefore we always retain possession of them.

She took leave of me, saying that she would go and speak with her uncle: I could wait for her by a solitary linden tree. I saw her disappear in the white house that stands on a hill. After some minutes of anxious expectation, the door opened and two figures came forth and proceeded towards where I stood. It was she and the friendly old uncle.

I was invited, and crossed the threshold of the house. I remained to supper, was reconciled with the wounded man, and remained there because it was already late, and they would not allow me to proceed to Geneva in the middle of the night.

Yes, uncle, the youth, the most important epoch, of my life is, I trust, concluded. All are agreeable that the beautiful, the charming Emily shall be mine if you, my friend, my father, are not opposed, as I am convinced you are not, to my wishes.

Do you guess nothing, dear friend? Alas! how sweet, how wonderful, how rough is the dream of life! I now, for the first time, comprehend your manner, which sometimes appeared to me repulsive, bitter, and misanthropical. No, dear philanthropist, in future we will not be separated even for a second.

Emily already loves you most tenderly. I must always talk to her of you; the aunt, too, and the family, all speak of you as of an old, familiar, honoured friend.

My uncle, my beloved Emily is your daughter! Formerly, when the father forcibly and cruelly separated you, when you heard of the death of your wife she was still living, and bore beneath her heart the pledge of a new life. They wished to deprive you of all hope, and therefore the tyrannical father compelled his wife to write you that letter, which was so skilfully arranged that you were forced to believe it was sent off without the knowledge or consent of the father.

This man was inhuman, furious, and raving in his anger, when he saw that Rosa would shortly give birth to a child, whom he already hated before it had seen the light. Rosa was persuaded that you had died. Soon after the birth of the child she was buried; to the last she was allowed to believe that she would meet you beyond the grave.

The family was now completely separated from you. None knew ought of the other. No one had any interest in clearing up the matter, or communicating with you.

The ill-mannered young man with whom I fought is a son of her whom you name the childish Lidia. This Lidia herself is an ugly, tedious old woman; her

husband died long since of drink. The house to which I now belong was at that time only apparently sold in order to deprive you of all clue; the family gave it to the wild drunkard, who afterwards, when you had left the country, lived here with Lidia, who bore him the hector, and a daughter, she whom I became acquainted with in Tharaud, and who then passed for E mily's sister.

Emily had been obliged to travel to Hamburg, because some distant relations laid claim to an inheritance which appertained to her. They asserted, in order to secure it for themselves, that she was no legitimate child, that she was not born in wedlock; and it was no easy matter for the uncle, although furnished with all the necessary documents, to obtain the victory for her.

Jenny and her mother, the cruel father, the uncle, and Rolle, are all long since dead. But your son, and Emily your daughter, call to you. You are neither so ill nor so weak as to be unable to make the journey. The uncle here, who was then a young man, and distinctly recollects you, joins his entreaties to ours. When you have received my letter, and have recovered from the shock, we are sure you will have out the carriage, and proceed hither without a moment's delay. Emily affirms that she shall know the hour when her dear, her honoured father will arrive, and alight at the threshold of the well-known white house. You may be sure, dear friend, that she has read your letters to me.

If you cannot come, dearest uncle, write to me, and we will fly to embrace you in your romantic cottage. But you will certainly travel here, again tread the theatre of your youth, visit the fountain, the beech tree, Geneva, and Rolle. Then we journey to Constance, to the uncle's estate, which Emily will inherit from him. Yes, dear father, we will pass many happy hours together. The evening of your existence shall clear up, and become as bright as the peaks of the lofty Alps when glowing with the rays of the departing sun.

How have I deserved to be so happy? My life resembles a

> "Fairy-like and moonlight night,
> Holding the senses captive."

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.

Royal Agricultural Society of England.—At a monthly council held at the society's house, Mr W. Draycote presented a specimen of English cotton, with the following account:—"The enclosed cotton was grown, not in the interior of Mexico, but in the county of Nottingham. The tree has long been very interesting to me, and this is not my first effort to bring it into notice. I do so now in consequence of having read the report of the proceedings of the council of the 21st of June, in which it is stated that Mr Colman, the agricultural commissioner from the United States, exhibited some specimens of silk, silk-cotton, and cotton, this last the produce of a large tree. The specimen I send is also the produce of a large tree, growing on the estate of the Earl Manvers, at Edwinstowe. With the cotton I send some foot-stalks, and also some leaves. I am much inclined to think it a pure specimen of the one described by Mr Colman. I regret I did not attend to it sooner, as I then should have been enabled to procure some cotton in a better state, as well as finer foot-stalks, with the capsules more perfect. The seed is about twice the size of the germen in wheat; some will be found amongst the wool; I think they are emitted immediately on the opening of the capsules. It is desirable that an effort should be made to grow cotton in this country, if only for the purpose of making down pillows." The Marquis of Downshire presented a specimen of Irish flax of the growth of 1843, from a field, averaging 3½ feet in height.

Virtues of Tea.—Paris Academy of Sciences, July.—M. Peligot read a paper on the chemical combinations of tea. M. Peligot states that tea contains essential principles of nutrition, far exceeding in importance its stimulating properties, and shows that, as a stimulant, tea is a desirable article of use. The most remarkable products of tea are—1st, the tannin, or astringent property; 2nd, an essential oil to which it owes its aroma; and 3rd, a substance rich in azote and crystallizable, called *theine*, which is also met with in coffee, and is frequently called *caffeine*. Independently of these three substances, there are eleven others of less importance, which enter more or less into the composition of tea of all the kinds imported into Europe. What was most essential, as regards the chemical and hygienic character of the plant, was to ascertain the exact proportion of the azoted principles which it contains. M. Peligot began by determining the total amount of azote in tea, and finished by finding that it was from 20 to 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of vegetable. M. Peligot states that by reason of this quantity of azote, and the existence of caseine in the tea-leaf, it is a true aliment.

— An Irish mile is 2,240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1,984 yards; an English or statute mile, 1,760 yards; German, 1,806; Turkish, 1,826. An acre is 4,840 square yards, or 69 yards 1 foot 8½ inches each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres.

Arms. Or., two bars, ar., a chief quarterly, of the last and gu.; on the first and fourth, two fleurs-de-lis, or.; on the second and third a lion of England. This chief was anciently gu., the alteration being an honorary augmentation, showing a descent from the blood royal of Edward IV.

Crest. On a chapeau, gu., turned up, erm., a peacock in pride, ppr.

Supporters. Two unicorns, ar., armed, ermined, tufted, and unguled, or.

Motto. "*Pour y parvenir.*" "To attain the object."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF MANNERS.

This family is of great antiquity. Some of its members, we are told by Dugdale, were "persons of note in the time of King Henry II, when Henry de Maners paid eighty marks for dowry of his father's lands in that county." The first name, however, that appears in the pedigree, is that of Sir Robert de Manners, Knight, Lord of the Manor of Ethale (now Etall) in Northumberland. His son Sir Robert, in the 17th of Edward II, was returned into Chancery among the principal persons of the county of Northumberland certified to bear arms by descent from their ancestors. Sir Robert signalised himself by the defence of Norham Castle, of which he was governor in the first year of Edward III, against the Scots. Sixteen of them, according to Barnes, "had effected an entrance, when they got such a warm reception from Sir Robert, who had previously been apprised of their intention, that five or six were made prisoners, and the rest put to the sword. Their companions below, informed of the disaster, thought it expedient immediately to retreat." In the next year he obtained permission to strengthen his mansion with a wall of stone, and about the same period he was commissioned, with others, to treat with David Bruce for a peace. He died in 1355.

Sir John, his son, Sir John, the grandson, and Sir Robert, the great-grandson, succeeded in due course. The son of the last, at the death of his mother, who was the daughter of Thomas Lord Ross, succeeded to the Barony of Ross, and the Baronies of Vaux, Triesbut, and Belvoir. He married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas St Leger, Knight, by Anne Plantagenet, sister of Edward IV (who was divorced at her own suit from Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter), by whom he had five sons and six daughters. He died in 1513.

His son, Thomas, thirteenth Lord Ross, was installed a Knight of the Garter, and created Earl of Rutland, June 18, 1585. He filled several offices of importance in the course of that reign.

His son and grandson, Henry and Edward, were the second and third Earls. The latter left an only daughter, named Elizabeth. On his decease, in 1587, the Earldom of Rutland and the Barony of Ross separated, the latter descending to his lordship's daughter, and the former devolving upon his brother John, the fourth Earl.

Roger and Francis, brothers, the sons of John, were the fifth and sixth Earls. The latter, though married twice, had no male issue, but left an only daughter, and at his death, in 1632, the old Barony of Ross devolved upon her; the Barony of Ross of Hamlake expired; and the other honours passed to his brother George, who dying without issue, was succeeded in 1641 by his cousin, John Manners. The son of this nobleman was the next wearer of the title. He was summoned to parliament April 29, 1679, as Baron Manners, of Hoddar, in Derby. On the 29th March, 1703, his lordship was created Marquis of Granby and Nottingham, and Duke of Rutland. On his death, January 11, 1711, he was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who dying February 22, 1721, was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name. His grandson succeeded him in 1779. This nobleman was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1784, and died at the age of thirty-three, in October 24, 1787, when he was succeeded in the title by John Henry, the present duke.

In politics this nobleman is a Tory, or Conservative. He is Lord Lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of the county of Leicester, and Colonel of the Leicester militia; he is also Recorder of Cambridge, Grantham, and Scarborough, and a trustee of the British Museum.

ADVENTURES OF CAPT. ABBOTT.

An amusing narrative has lately been published of a journey performed by a Captain Abbott, from Herat to Khiva, and thence to Moscow and St Petersburg. It is amusing from the picture the author gives of himself, his thoughts, and his sensations, which perhaps are such as few people, but for the publication of the book alluded to, would have expected to find known to a British officer.

Captain Abbott, who evidently thinks his adventures and hair-breadth escapes entitle them to stand on the same shelf with those of Captain Robert Singleton, was sent by Major Todd, British Envoy at Herat, to Khiva, in 1839, to gain intelligence respecting the advance of a Russian army to that place.

It was on the 24th of December that the gallant Captain set out on his journey. He begins forthwith to croak most musically, not only for himself but for others. He was alarmed for the situation in which he left Major Todd, and startled, not very unreasonably it must be confessed, at the amount of his own ignorance.

"We separate," he says, "under circumstances sufficiently gloomy. I leave him in the very stronghold of robbers. I go myself, as agent of the British Government, to a Court, of the language and manners of which I am utterly ignorant, and to accomplish that of which the most sanguine have no hope. It is simply a matter of duty, and as such, entered upon cheerfully, and with full determination to carry my efforts to the uttermost."

Very "cheerfully," certainly, he seems to have "entered upon his matter of duty!" What made it "a matter of duty" for a gentleman of his capacity to undertake the mission at all, does not very satisfactorily appear. That he had a fair claim to exemption from such a task, few of his readers will deny.

He advances over barren lands and fertile fields, but we do not find anything seriously alarming. His journeying by night in the desert, though not exceedingly delightful, seems to have been endurable enough.

"I rise," he says, "at midnight, and sit at a blazing fire, sipping tea without milk, until the camels are laden and have started. I then mount and follow them, and as camels walk something less than three miles an hour, soon overtake them. As the cold is intense, and our feet are by this time fully numbed, I alight and spread my carpet, and a large fire is soon made, around which we all sit half an hour. Wood is very abundant, and so dry that when the hoar frost or snow is shaken from it, it kindles instantly. It is likewise so deficient in solidity, that a stem, the thickness of a man's body, is torn up by the roots without difficulty. We now mount again, and proceed in silence, for the path admits not of two abreast, and the freezing of the vapour of the breath, upon one's beard and mustaches, renders the motion of the jaw singularly unpleasant. Indeed, in raising the handkerchief to one's face, it is tangled in a disagreeable manner with the crystals, and the chin has become so brittle, that a very slight titillation is painful. Jupiter is now far above the horizon, and Venus is shining gloriously upon the desolate wild. And by degrees we perceive the day itself slightly winking in the east, and again we pull up, to light a fire, and to thaw our frozen extremities. * * Ere the sun breaks from the horizon we are once more mounted and away. The profusion of hoar frost upon the leafless jungle sheds a glory over the desolate scene. It is a sight unwitnessed by me for seventeen years, and brings back many pleasant remembrances tinged with sadness. Now we are close upon the traces of the camels. The slave caravans keep them company. The hardy Toorcumuns as they trudge along in their clouted laced boots, and legs wound around with woollen cloths, and their white sheepskin caps heavy with hoar frost, have no cause to envy us, whose knees are cramped with the saddle, and whose feet are again freezing in the morning air. How frosty their cheeks and sharp noses appear, peeping above the cataract of ice which clings to their scanty beards, and below the snowy mass which overhangs their brows. The captive ladies are wisely invisible. They have tucked themselves below the felts of their Kujawurs, and yet I fear, in spite of all their management, have but a chilly berth."

Riding in a cold country, with the means of kindling a fire at pleasure, and being always well attended, is not the most fearful travelling we ever read about. The Captain, however, being "a bold man," exposed himself to some danger of being laughed at, when he, humble as his position certainly was in a diplomatic point of view, claimed a grand reception, or at least, that "there should be sent to wait upon him the highest officer ever employed in such ceremonies, my government being the greatest and most powerful government in the world." The minister at Khiva seems to have measured the hero's dimensions pretty accurately, though he could not have been prepared for some of the bouncing taradiddles the intrepid Captain hazarded. On one occasion he appears to have had the impudence to declare that "England was larger than Russia,"—"because the sea exceeds the land in extent, and all the sea belongs to England!" After this, if the captain only writes as boldly as he reports himself to have spoken, we know not what may be expected from his pen.

This hinted, it will not greatly surprise our readers to hear that the Captain Envoy made wonderful progress considering the astounding difficulties by which he was encompassed. His position was one of interest and deep anxiety:—

"I had been sent to execute," says he, "what

might well appear an impossibility, and my fame, as well as life, was staked upon the venture. When I considered my imperfect knowledge of even the Persian tongue, my utter ignorance of that of the court and people, as well as of their manners and temper; my entire want of instruments suited to my need; that my sole instrument of intercourse with the natives was Ali Muhummud, a ransomed slave, new to my service, and of whose capacity or fidelity I knew nothing; when I considered the lightness of my purse; the impossibility of recruiting it at Khiva; the poverty of the presents to be offered the Khaun Huzurut, contrasted with the lavish gifts, which, it was well known, had been bestowed upon the government of Heraut; my want of suite to give dignity to my mission; that the Vuzeer Yar Muhummud Khan had agents at Khiva, secretly engaged in thwarting my endeavours, and throwing the most dangerous suspicions upon my motives; that the Persian ambassador had just preceded me, at the head of a hundred horse, and laden with handsome presents; that it must be his object to hinder the meditated alliance; that Dost Muhummud Khaun, the Ex-Ummeer of Cabul, had also agents at Khiva, who would naturally, if possible, poison the Khaun's mind against the English,—a nation whose very existence was a recent discovery at Khiva. When I considered that in demanding the confidence of the Khaun, I was empowered to promise him nothing, but rather to make excuses for non-compliance with every request he had made,—I confess the case appeared as desperate as possible."

"Wastly moving," as *Peter Pastoral* or *Lubin Log* would say, no doubt. It is clear that Captain Abbott would have liked to have been in a more dazzling situation; it is equally clear that one less conspicuous would have been quite as appropriate to modest merit like his.

Having such mighty difficulties to contend with, it will perhaps surprise our readers that he actually found his way to "the Supreme Lord." He did though, and thus he reports upon him:

"Ullah Koolie Khaun, the present king of Khaurism, is about forty-five years of age, and so far as I can judge, rather under the middle height. His face is round. The features are high and regular; the expression is the most amiable possible; but there is an absence of vigour, for which, at the present crisis, nothing can atone, unless it be the powerful interposition of some foreign power. His eyes are long, and not well opened. His beard is decent; his family having some mixture of Sart blood. He is inclined to be stout. He was seated upon a carpet, and supported by cushions. Before him a wood fire blazed up, sending its smoke and sparks through the sky-light of the tent. He shifted his posture from time to time. It was always ungraceful and unkingly. Sometimes cross-legged, sometimes kneeling, sometimes half-reclining. His dress was a green cloak, fringed and lined with dark sables, and showing at the waist a gold chain, the exact use of which I know not. On his head was the Oosbeg cylindric cap of black lambskin. He wore no ornament, and his sole insignium of office was a large dagger in a sheath of gold, which lay before him. No guards were visible about the tent, but the doors of the court were guarded. The black tent of felt which he occupied was of the usual dimensions, i.e. about twenty-four feet in diameter, and quite unadorned, its sole furniture being the carpet and cushions on which he reclined."

What we are to understand by want of vigour on the part of the Khan being "*atoned* for" by the "interposition of some foreign power," and what is meant by "a *decent* beard," we are at a loss to guess.

The poor Captain seems to have had an awful time of it. A house with a wall about it was to his mind a prison, and the look or character of one Ahris Mhatoor renders him quite sublime:

"I said, baring and offering him my throat, and touching with my finger his sabre, strike away, but save my servants. He shook his head, and intimated that we were safe, but I did not believe him. I returned and watched the rest of the night, determining to throw myself upon the first sword, that there might be no excuse for farther bloodshed. I meditated deeply on death. I imagined to myself its pang. I never could quite reconcile myself to the shape in which it was ever threatening; namely, the crushing together of the brain beneath the hatchet of Ahris Mhatoor. I had self-control, indeed, sufficient not to flinch as he flourished it near me, but a vivid imagination left no rest for the nerves. The sabre stroke had but one terrible accompaniment. The head, when struck off, retains life until the blood has discharged itself from the vessels of the brain. The eyes open and shut, the lips and muscles move. The system is still complete, the nerves of the eyes, nose, mouth, ears, communicating direct with the brain," &c.

This is so fine that nothing can surpass it, unless it be the funny fortitude of the gallant Captain, who, preparing to be assassinated in the night, "adjusted his throat, so that the stroke of death might not awaken him." How he effected that clever adjustment we are not told.

We have read of a criminal who doubted if an executioner could take his head off by one stroke of his sword. The blow was struck. "Aha!" exclaimed the condemned, "you have not done it." "Spit," said the executioner. The man did so, and off came his head, which had been severed though he knew nothing about it. Captain Abbott had no doubt heard of this admirable operator, and expected him to be in attendance.

The Capain did not, at last, effect any great things by his negotiation. His journey is more interesting as a "a sentimental journey," than anything else. He should have taken for his motto the following:

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my grief away,
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay."

Reviews.

The Herald of Peace. No. 23.

This publication has, as may be guessed from its title, Peace,—universal Peace, for its object. Such an object every kindly-disposed human being must wish to promote. It will gratify our readers to learn that a society formed for such a purpose is cheered in its progress with no common success, and in one instance at least has prevented a rupture between two nations. The following extract establishes this interesting fact:—

"A litigation between the United States and Mexico having given rise to evil dispositions in both countries against each other, and the spirit of party having been mixed up with it, it happened that the President of the United States made a communication to the Congress (which alone has the right to make war), in which he declared that all his efforts for the preservation of peace were ineffectual, and that it was the duty of the Congress to fix the epoch and the manner in which to obtain satisfaction from Mexico. The Committee of Foreign Affairs, according to parliamentary usage, took up the question, and prepared to make its report; when suddenly the Peace Society of New York, as a sentinel alive to whatever threatened the sacred object of its establishment, addressed a letter to the President of the Congress, to inform him that the Mexican Congress had issued a decree by which it proposed to refer the subject in dispute to the arbitration of a neutral and friendly power; and the Society besought the Congress of the United States to accede to this proposition. This was the first notice which the Congress and the President of the Committee of Foreign Affairs had of this act of the Mexican Government. From that moment a blow was struck at the hostile designs of the President of the United States; the public mind took hold of the question, and the Congress soon resounded with anathemas launched against an administration which would draw the country into a war against a weak and neighbouring nation, particularly when the legislative power of that nation had taken a step to settle the dispute which existed between the two Governments, without having recourse to arms. This Mexican decree had been issued eight months before. How did it happen that it had been unknown to the Government of the United States? Certain it is that, without the Peace Society, war would have broken out, and the maintenance of peace is due to that Society alone; for the majority of the Congress had agreed with the President.

"This is what has been stated by Mr Adams, ex-President of the United States, and now a member of Congress, who has expressed himself in the following manner, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the New York Peace Society:—'The petition came most opportunely, and gave me an opportunity of declaring to the Congress and the country my aversion to a war against Mexico, which I perceived, with grief, was proposed in the message of the President. That petition prevented the Committee from making a report in favour of the war, which it inevitably would have done, without the step you have just taken; your petition is the first intimation given to the Government of the United States of the fact that, eight months ago, the Mexican Congress had, by a decree, authorized an arbitration. It seems that neither the President nor the Secretary for Foreign Affairs had any knowledge of this decree. The Congress is, therefore, indebted to your Society, and the proposition has appeared so reasonable, that not a voice in the Congress was raised against it. If the Peace Society never renders any other services to its country, this alone will entitle it to the thanks of the whole nation. The Peace Society of New York will always have my sincere and ardent desires for the triumph of its principles, and the success of its efforts.

(Signed) John Quincy Adams.'"

The Poems of Duke Charles of Orleans. By A. Champollion Figene. Paris.

Poems written by a Prince four hundred years ago, and by one of the illustrious persons whom the fate of war at Agincourt made the prisoner of England, cannot but command some attention. His life was a singular romance. His father, at the age of thirteen, caused him to become the husband of a Queen, the widow of our Richard the Second. The death of that father, who was assassinated by the Duke of Burgundy, soon followed, and led to scenes of stormy contention between the houses of Burgundy and Orleans. While he was still very young, his Queen-consort died, and he married the beautiful daughter of Count d'Armagnac. The battle of Agincourt separated him from her, to pass twenty-five years in captivity. She died shortly after that great event, it is supposed, from sorrow for the loss of her husband. It was in this state of things that he wrote his poems. Some of them are rich in pensive feeling. One modernized, which relates to the death of Bonne de Armagnac, his beautiful wife, just mentioned, we subjoin:—

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

"Ballades, chançons et complaintes
Sont par moi mises en oubliance."

Ballads, songs, and mournful lays,
Are forgot in my despair;
Sorrow fills my weary days,
And I sleep to dream of care.

If sad thoughts it could beguile,
I would sing, as oft of yore,
And revive those tones awhile,
Which have soothed my heart before;
But, alas! my voice, my lute,
Both with grief are hoarse and mute!

All the pleasant words I spoke,
Are extinct and passed away;
Lo! the spell of song is broke,
And no sweetness marks my lay.
Those who once have heard me sing,
Full of youth, and hope, and joy,
Pity now the falt'ring string,
Which but echoes my annoy;
Lost my voice and sad my lute,
Both in sorrow hoarse and mute.

Lovers utter painted words,
Fresh and fair their language glows,
Pleasure eloquence affords,
And each thought with spirit flows;
Thus I warbled once—but past
Is the time I sang so well,
All my skill is ebbing fast,
And no more my numbers swell;
When I tune my feeble lute,
Every note is harsh or mute.

A FEATHERED REPORTER.

REMINISCENCES OF A PARROT.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune named Aveline, residing at Camberwell, has now in his possession a most extraordinary parrot, to which he attaches great value, and for which he would take no sum of money that liberal curiosity might offer. It is not that he thinks the bird gifted with reason denied to the rest of his race, but memory most retentive and correct, it certainly possesses. Add to that, it is supposed to be forty or fifty years old, may have had many masters, and has certainly witnessed many scenes the actors in which little imagined that their speeches would be reported at a distant day, *verbatim*, by the unheeded prisoner who was the involuntary witness of their "sayings and doings."

Yet such is the fact; and as many of the conversations which the unconscious utterer repeats from day to day must certainly have occurred more than a year ago, it is not certain that the lapse of time at all effaces what the creature has once learned, and therefore what took place ten, twenty, or thirty years ago, may, for aught that is at present known to the contrary, come as trippingly off the parrot's tongue as that which it only heard yesterday.

The bird was bought on the 12th July, 1842, having been advertised in the 'Times' newspaper. From the 12th of July to the 31st of December she only repeated common sentences.

From the 1st January, 1843, every new sentence has been daily put down. Her style was thought to improve in March last; but about the 22nd of April there was a marked difference between what she uttered, and what had previously been heard from her.

Many parts of the Church Catechism, the Marriage Service, the Christening Service, the Lord's Prayer, in French and English, have been at various times correctly repeated; but what may be regarded as more curious, are the dialogues which she furnishes, and, as we are informed, with varieties of intonation not unlike to those heard at a theatre in what is called "a patter song." We quote one of them. The Mr and Mrs Wimbleton, as well as the other parties named, are at present wholly unknown to Mr Aveline:—

"Here's a letter from Mr Wimbleton,—'Mr and Mrs Wimbleton present their compliments to Mr and Mrs Robinson, and beg their acceptance of a glass chandelier, which they request they will see if it is perfect'—'Tell the man to bring it into the dining-room, and to be very careful.—(Mind that none of you touch this parrot.)—Bless me, this is a fifty-guinea concern! How very handsome and liberal of Mr Wimbleton!—Yes, it is all right.—Here is half a crown for you.'—'Thank you, sir.'

"'Do you think it would be more polite to write, or to go and thank Mr Wimbleton?' 'Oh, I think we had better write.'—'Mr and Mrs Robinson present their very best compliments to Mr and Mrs Wimbleton, and beg them to accept their warmest thanks for their very elegant present of a glass chandelier; and according to their request, have examined it, and found every iota perfect.'—'Don't you think it will do?' 'Very well; I suppose as well as you can do it.' 'Well, if you think you can do it better, try.' 'It was only my fun, Julia; get the sealing-wax.—To Mrs Wimbleton, No. 12 Castle street, Portman square.'"

This occurred on the 19th of last month. On the 20th the creature mentioned the Wimbletons again, and then brought forward a junior member of the family, who is thus introduced:—

"Here is a letter from Georgy: I do think it is his writing. Oh dear! there is a black seal; what's the matter now? However, he begins in high glee:—'My dear papa and mamma,—I have the pleasure to announce to you that we break up next Saturday, the 20th instant. I shall be delighted to find myself once more at home again, and have the pleasure of kissing you all. I hope you will find that I have made progress in every branch of my studies; and at any time when I find myself at all idle, I always think how grieved you would be, and also try to think what pleasure it would give you to see that I have got good marks. I will keep you in suspense no longer, but may say the reason why I put a black seal was because I have got no red wax, and Dick Nelson,

who is in mourning, lent me some. I must now conclude, in love to brothers and sisters. Believe me your dutiful son,—George Henry Wimbleton.'—'Do you think there will be any occasion to write a letter to George?' 'Perhaps so; just a line or two.' 'Can't you write, Maria?' 'No, mamma.'"

The following amusing anecdote is given by Polly, of Miss Julia Robinson:—

"Do you know, Fanny, when I was at a drawing-room, my garter dropped off while I was dancing with a gentleman; and the gentleman said, 'you have dropped one of your keepsakes, Miss Julia Robinson;' and I felt the colour rush into my face. So I picked it up and put it into my pocket, for I could not leave the room just then, because we were in the middle of a dance; and before it was finished my stocking dropped over my shoe, and I thought I should have dropped too. To my great disappointment, when I got up stairs I found the clasp was off and gone. I did not know what to do, for I could not go down stairs, as my stocking was down; so I rang the bell, and asked the servant to sew my stocking to my petticoat."

The following singular conversation was lately repeated:—

"What a beautiful sermon Mr Dale preached last Sunday! It was in the 12th chapter of Matthew and the 40th verse, 'For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.'"

The text was found correctly repeated, word for word, when compared with the Bible.

The parrot has evidently been, and indeed is now, the property of a medical man. Her recollections of the sweets of an *accoucheur's* life are rich. We give them by way of finale:—

"'Who's there?' 'Mrs Jones wants you, if you please, sir.' 'Very well, I'll come directly.—What a bother it is! I don't believe it; I have not been in bed half an hour, and I went to see her the very last thing. She is so fidgety, and the nurse is as bad. I declare I'll have "*accoucheur*" scrubbed off my door, if they go on in that manner.—Well, I've been, and Mrs Jones no more wants me than you do, my dear; I'm sure she's in no need of me for these five or six hours. I'll make them pay for it prettily, calling me out of my bed when there is no occasion.'"

The bird, it may not be improper to mention, will not talk before strangers, nor even in a common way in the presence of Mr Aveline. Two highly intelligent young ladies, the eldest twelve years of age, are her confidants. Their character, as well as the nature of the conversations reported by the parrot, forbid suspicion of any trick. Besides, they have brought to their father remarks of his own, made when they were absent. He would be well content that the capacity of the creature should be tested by two gentlemen talking in her presence by themselves. Were this done, he is confident that in the following week he could give them an exact account of what passed, obtained from the "feathered reporter." The dialogues are given out piecemeal and slowly, with sometimes long pauses between the sentences.

GEORGE THE THIRD, THE LATE LORD SYDENHAM, AND MR PITT.

Mr Poulett Scrope gives an amusing incident in the life of his late brother. King George the Third saw him at Weymouth, and became so fond of him, he being not quite four years of age, that he insisted on a daily visit from him, often watched at the window for his arrival, ran down himself to open the door to let him in, and carried him about in his arms to show all that could amuse the child, in the very ordinary lodging-house then occupied by the royal party, and especially the suppers laid out for the children's balls, which their majesties frequently gave for the amusement of their young favourites. On one occasion, the king being on the pier-head, about to embark in the royal yacht upon one of his sailing trips, and having the child in his arms, he turned round to Mr Pitt, who was in attendance at his elbow, and exclaimed, "Is not this a fine boy, Pitt? Fine boy, isn't he? Take him in your arms, Pitt; take him in your arms: charming child, isn't he?" Then suiting the action to the word, he made the stiff and solemn premier, weighed down as he seemed to be with cares of state, dandle and kiss the pretty boy, and carry him some minutes in his arms, albeit strange and unused to such a burden. Pitt little thought, no doubt, that the infant he was required to nurse would, at no very distant time, have the offer of the same high official post which he then occupied, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

ON DRAWING.—(Art. III.)

Having, in the two preceding articles on this subject, briefly explained the utility of the various systems of drawing, and afterwards pointed out the methods to acquire the practice of perspective and artistic drawing, it will be unnecessary to enlarge on the advantages that must accrue to those who are enabled to comprehend the principles and to practise an art which has hitherto been, and is likely to be, more than ever employed in executing designs of the great variety of structures suited to the wants and tastes of the pre-

sent generation, of their external and internal decorations, of their requisite fittings and ornaments; and above all, in illustrating the numerous and valuable records of the literary and scientific minds which have been engaged in different pursuits, so that others might benefit by their labours.

And although, individually and nationally, we are each deeply indebted to the united talent of our surveyors, engineers, architects, artists, and sculptors, and also to our persevering and industrious artisans, who have so fully carried out the designs of those placed over them, for the many personal and public conveniences which we in this free country are permitted to enjoy; yet all these comforts and advantages sink into insignificance when compared with the pleasures to be derived from devoting a portion of time to acquiring the principles of the art of drawing; for it will be remembered that before any person can with advantage enter on such a pursuit, he must have passed through the stages of childhood and youth; that state in which we are all expected to act and to think according as we are ordered by our elders or instructors, and in many instances without being allowed to know why or wherefore.

Individuals, therefore, by commencing to study the principles of drawing, enter into a channel which must, when properly arranged, lead them to exercise, strengthen, and improve their faculties in such a manner as will afford them true pleasure, satisfaction, and mental enjoyment. Whilst directing their attention to objects which exist, and on considering that their representations are in all cases to be either executed according to some predetermined law, or by an acquired habit, they will be led to apply the abstract and sublime principles of the science of geometry, in order to investigate, and eventually to determine, the best methods to be employed in the practice of executing representations of any of the tangible or visible objects which are scattered in every direction, at home, abroad, beneath, above; by this means they must acquire those habits which will enable them to enter on any other pursuit with greater pleasure than they could otherwise do.

Minds thus prepared, and gifted with bodily and legal powers to act, ought to prove themselves benefactors to all amongst whom they may have to move, or be appointed to guide, direct, or rule, whether in connexion with the theological, judicial, military, naval, manufacturing, or commercial classes of their own or of other countries. Further, by practising any branch of the art, they will be compelled to exert their faculties and powers of observation in order to determine various particulars relating to the objects which they purpose to represent; and in this pursuit they will learn habits of patience, perseverance, and of attention to the matter in hand; habits which will almost invariably ever after be effectively applied under all circumstances, in whatever station they may choose, or be appointed to occupy.

Having then acquired a knowledge of the principles and practice of drawing, they will be fully prepared to turn their attention to those illustrated records of literature and science which they have hitherto been incompetent to comprehend. Letters, words, and figures, they previously knew how to apply, and now that they have unravelled the use and construction of the invaluable system of signs, representations of objects, they may, if agreeable to their feelings and pursuits, at once proceed to gain that information of the generality of those arts and sciences so freely communicated to us in the writings of our best authors.

Here we must, as we have in the former articles (for want of space), curtail, if not end, the present series on drawing, yet not without expressing a hope that our correspondent, Mr J. Smith, will favour us, ere long, with one or two practical expositions of the methods to be employed in depicting scenes from nature, and which we shall feel happy to illustrate with suitable pictorial views, hoping that, in the meantime, our readers will give this series of articles that attention which they deserve.

We cannot close our notice of this subject without directing the student's attention to the pamphlet which we have been induced to notice in the former articles, in which they will find the science as well as the principles of the art of drawing clearly and explicitly developed: further, they will there see reference to the standard practical works from which details of some of the methods of drawing formerly alluded to may be obtained.

We need not recommend our correspondent to the especial notice of amateurs, artists, surveyors, architects, engineers, and officers of the army and navy. Those who are desirous of acquiring the practice of any or of all the systems of drawing, may advantageously avail themselves of his services, seeing that he, as a practical engineer and architect, can readily and pleasantly communicate, assisted by the original and beautiful series of models and drawings with which he is provided, more valuable knowledge in one hour than an individual, aided by books alone, could acquire by years of labour.

ENGLISH GROWN COTTON.

Since Draycott's cotton, judges own,
For many uses good enough,
Let none presume, though English grown,
To tell the world it is all *stuff*.

The Gatherer.

English Gentlemen.—"I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the man of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame, and freshness of complexion, which I attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country."—*Washington Irving.*

Independent Minister.—When Charles II went to Winchester with his court, the house of Dr Kenn was destined to be the residence of Nell Gwynne. The doctor declared she should not be under his roof. The intelligence was carried to the king, who said, "Well, then, Nell must take a lodging in the city." Some months after the Bishoprick of Bath and Wells becoming vacant, the minister recommended several learned divines, to whom the king answered—"No, none of them shall have it, I assure you: what is the name of that little man at Winchester that would not let Nell Gwynne lodge at his house?" "Dr Kenn, please your Majesty." "Well, he shall have it, then; for his independence I resolved that he should have the first bishoprick that fell, if it had been Canterbury."

The Sword of Washington.—The battle sword of Washington was recently exhibited at a military dinner at Philadelphia. It is described as being about two feet eight inches in length, slight, exceedingly well balanced, and made of the best steel. The handle is green, with a spiral silver band extending the whole length, and a small silver ornament on the guard. The scabbard is of leather, tipped with silver.

The Camel.—The extensive use to which the camel has been applied for the purpose of military transport under the most opposite circumstances of soil and climate, in modern times, makes its neglect by the Romans the more remarkable. It was used by the Parthians in their memorable campaign against Crassus to carry their reserve store of arrows. In our own times it has been found equally available and indispensable in the arid plains of Beloochistan, the mountain passes of Cabool, and the intensely-frozen snows of Khiva. 22,000 camels were brought under the walls of Vienna when Solyman besieged that city in 1529.—*Lord Francis Egerton's Mediterranean Sketches.*

Refined Raillery.—"At Prince Galitzin's," says the Margravine of Anspach, "in the most animated part of our conversation, a handsome young lady came up, and was thus accosted by Madame de Phoun, 'Tell me what part of your agreeable person is in pain this evening, that I may measure out for you the proper dose of pity,' and then turning to me, she continued, 'Don't be surprised, for she is always complaining. Look at her, and tell me if she wants pity to render her more interesting.'"

The late Charles Mathews.—In early life, Mathews, like many other ornaments of the drama, had great difficulties to contend with. At the time he had his wife engaged with Tate Wilkinson, he is described to have become a tall, thin, consumptive-looking person, the twist in his mouth having rather increased, so as to bear out the after description of a fellow-performer:—"Why, he's the tallest man in the world, and the funniest. He has no regular mouth, but speaks from a little hole in his cheek." Such was the figure which presented itself to the York manager; and he received his visitor with expressions of chilling discouragement, calculated to extinguish every spark of professional ardour. He declared that Mathews was too thin for broad comedy; indeed, he had never seen anybody so thin to be alive. "Why, sir," he added, "one hiss would blow you off the stage!" His perseverance eventually overcame all obstructions; he rose into high favour, and became the leading comedian on the York "circuit," conducted by the same manager.

Insect Voracity.—A silk-worm is one of the greatest gormandizers in creation. When first hatched they require forty-eight meals in a day!

Chinese Iron Works.—A Berlin correspondent of the 'Debats' writes, on the 11th inst.: "We have received letters from our fellow-countryman, the missionary Gutzlaff, in China, stating that he had ascertained that the art of constructing buildings of cast iron, of which the English *pretend* to have lately been the first discoverers, has been practised for centuries in the Chinese empire. M. Gutzlaff has found on the top of a hill, near the town of Taing Kiang Fou, in the province of Kiang Nan, a pagoda entirely composed of cast iron. It is covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, which, from their forms, characters, and dates, show that they are as old as the dynasty of Tang, who was on the throne as far back as from the 5th to the 10th century of the Christian era. It is in the shape of an octagon pyramid, is forty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter at the base. It has seven stories, each containing extremely curious historical pictures. M. Gutzlaff represents this monument as being strikingly elegant, and surpassing in this respect everything of the kind he had previously seen in China.

French Finance.—The national debt of France, which in 1572, under Charles IX, was only 17,000,000f., was in 1832, 5,417,495,016f. At the present time it is

almost 7,000,000,000f. France has already been bankrupt six times, viz.:—Under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV's reign, under Desmaret, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "*système* Law," under Lepelletier; under the Abbe Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution, after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgages; lastly in 1799, by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

Anecdote.—During the minority of Lewis XV, when the Duke of Orleans was Regent of France, a Count d'Orme, related to the Emperor as well as to the Regent, killed a Jew stock-jobber in Paris, and stole his actions. He was apprehended, convicted, and condemned to death. The princes and nobility interceded to have the sentence mitigated, and to strengthen their remonstrances in favour of the Count, they told the Regent that his blood ran in the veins of this nobleman. The Regent told them, that when he had bad blood he always had it drawn from him; and ordered him to be executed the next day, which was Good Friday, fearing, as an express had been sent to the Emperor, that his imperial Majesty might ask his life by the return of the messenger, who was soon expected.

Modern Inventions Revivals of Old Discoveries.—Some of the methods of destroying the shipping of an enemy, lately brought before the public, it will be seen from the following, are more than a century old:—"Two of the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions:' Art. 9. An engine portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened in the inside of the greatest ship, which at an appointed minute, though a week after, shall irrecoverably sink the ship. 10. A way from a mile off to dive and fasten such pocket-engine to any ship, so as punctually to work the same effect, *either* for time or *immediate* execution."

Arrowroot Pudding (Soufflé).—Three table-spoonsful of arrowroot to half a pint of milk, and one ounce of butter mixed in with it. To be boiled till thick, stirring it all the time. Two ounces of loaf sugar, half a dozen bitter almonds, four eggs, the yolks and whites beat separate. Mix the sugar, almonds, yolks of eggs, with the milk, &c., and add lastly the whites of eggs beat to a froth. Twenty minutes, or half an hour, to bake it.——*Arrowroot Mange.*—Take three table-spoonsful of arrowroot, with a little milk to mix it. A pint of milk put on the fire, with eight bitter almonds chopped fine, or bruised, and two laurel leaves, and three to four ounces of loaf sugar. Pour the boiling milk on the arrowroot, stirring it well, and give the whole a boil up till it thickens. It must be turned into a mould. To be made the night before required. It should look like blanc mange.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Salmon.—They are occasionally, though rarely, killed in Britain of the weight of forty and even fifty pounds. In the comparatively unfished rivers of Scandinavia, although large salmon are much more frequent, the largest we ever heard of was an English fish, which came into the possession of Mr Groves, of Bond street. It was a female, and weighed eighty-three pounds. In the year 1841, Mr Young marked a few spawned salmon along with his grilse, employing, as a distinctive mark, copper wire instead of brass. One of these, weighing twelve pounds, was marked on the 4th of March, and was re-captured, on returning from the sea, on the 10th of July, weighing eighteen pounds.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Nun's Wish.—Southey, in his 'Omniana,' relates the following:—"When I was last at ——— a nun made her escape from the Irish nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face."

— A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

— Of 100 parts into which the surface of the earth may be divided, Europe contains 7, Africa 21, Continental Asia 33, New Holland, &c. 8, South America 15, North America 16.

— In marching, soldiers take 75 steps per minute; quick marching, 108; and in charging, 150 steps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on Shakspeare cannot appear. It is rather late in the day to tell the British public that his name is celebrated, and his works inimitable.

Several suggestions from old correspondents are kindly acknowledged, though it may be impossible to act upon them for a time, in consequence, as the play-bills say, of "the necessary arrangements for forthcoming novelties."

The notice of "The Bell" has been mislaid. We hope shortly to recover it.

"The Moon-seeker" has never appeared in English before. It has been translated expressly for the 'Mirror.'

"The best publication to send a work on Harbours to" we hesitate to name, as we do not know the merits or the tastes of all our contemporaries. After the 'Mirror,' perhaps the 'Naval and Military Gazette' may be advantageously tried.

LONDON: *Published by CUNNINGHAM and MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.*

Printed by C. REYNELL, 16 Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.